Pretty Mary

D G D
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
G D
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.
D G D
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
G D
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.
D G D
Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary, would you think me unkind
G D
If I were to see you and tell you my mind?
D G D
As sure as the dew drops on the green corn,
G D
Last night I was with her, tonight I am gone.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.